

**Marriage and Murder.**  
A rather curious happening developed in a Justice Court at Brunswick, Ga., a few days ago. The court was engaged in taking evidence of a most bloody and revolting type in a murder case, when the proceedings were interrupted by two negro lovers, who asked to be married. The murder case investigation was suspended and the knot was tied. It was a strange mingling of sadness and joy.

**Keep on Scratching.**  
Dig clear into the bone and the Tetter will only be the worse. There's only one way to treat an irritated, diseased skin. Sootie it. Kill the germs that cause the trouble and heal it up sound and strong. Only one thing in the world will do this—Tetterine. It's 50 cents a box at drug stores or postpaid for 50 cents in stamps to J. T. Shapthorne, Savannah, Ga.

**Mechanism of the Human Body.**  
The human body is an epitome in Nature of all mechanics, all hydraulics, all architecture, all machinery of every kind. There are more than three hundred and ten mechanical movements known to mechanics to-day, and all of these are but modifications of those found in the human body. Here are found all the bars, levers, joints, pulleys, pumps, pipes, wheels and axles, ball and socket movements, beams, girders, trusses, buffers, arches, columns, cables and supports known to science. At every point man's best mechanical work can be shown to be but adaptations of processes of the human body, a revelation of first principles used in Nature.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The average woman will forgive her husband any crime on earth so long as she has every assurance that he will never commit it.

**Judicious Expenditures Cause Big Returns.**

To the merchant who is happy if he can sell his goods at an increase of ten to twenty per cent, over the cost, how almost incredible must it seem that typewriting machines and bicycles, which cost from about sixteen to twenty-five dollars to manufacture, can be sold for \$100—or even \$50—each.

What machines are more universally used today than these two, excepting the sewing machine?

How hard the merchant struggles for his ten per cent profit while the typewriting machine and the bicycle sell at a price which is from four to six times the cost of manufacture.

Judicious and continuous advertising has made this possible.

**De Garry—Why is it that when a fellow is alone with a girl he loves they seldom play cards? Merritt—Because if they did she would have to hold her own hand.—Judge.**

**No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.**

Over 400,000 cured. Why not No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cures guaranteed. 50 cents and \$1.00 at all druggists.

**She—Then papa didn't refuse to listen to you? He—Not a bit. I began by telling him I knew of a plan whereby he could save money.—Cincinnati Enquirer.**

**A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says:—**"Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Pico's Cure for Consumption.—LUCAS LINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., January 5, 1894.

**Pico's Cure for Consumption.** No matter how nervous after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

**CASCARETS** stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sickens, weakens or grips; 10c.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup** for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 10c. a bottle.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10c. 25c.

**Poisoned Blood Malaria**  
These come from poisonous miasms arising from low marshy land and from decaying vegetable matter, which, breathed into the lungs, enter and poison the blood. Keep the blood pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and there will be little danger from malaria. The millions take

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills the best family cathartic, easy to operate. 25c.

S. N. U.—22.—97.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

**WEIGHTY WORDS FOR AYER'S PILLS.**

"I have been using Ayer's Pills for thirteen years, and find that nothing equals them for indigestion. They are the only relief I have found in all these years for the suffering of dyspepsia and indigestion. Mrs. MATTIE S. MITCHELL, Glad Hill, Va., Feb. 21, 1896.

"I have been using Ayer's Pills for years for biliousness and constipation. I find them very effective, and mild in action. They suit my system in every respect."—JOSEPH F. ASBURY, Pelican, La., July 12, 1895.

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She—Do you love me for myself alone, dearest?  
He—Of course I do. You don't suppose I want your mother about all the time, do you?—Judge.

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**FASTEST RUN ON RECORD.**

**An Old Engineer Tells of the Great Time He Made on a Railroad.**

Western roads have recently set up so many claims as to their ability to make fast runs and break the record, it is possible the following story, told by an old engineer, of how he once broke all records and pulled a freight at the rate of 675 miles an hour, may end the controversy for the time being.

"Really, my son," said the engineer, as he oiled the drivers of the huge locomotive he had just backed into the depot, "the fastest time I ever made was the fastest run ever made in this or any other country. I was hauling freight then, and running an old Baldwin mogul. We had started east with a train of twenty-one cars, and four of them were loaded with powder. I was a little afraid of powder, and was pleased to note that the cars containing the explosive was near the rear of the train. We stopped on a siding to let the west-bound express pass, and then pulled out and let her go for all she was worth, so that we could get over the tunnel summit. The top of the hill was just at the entrance to the tunnel, and as the track was not in very good shape in the tunnel I shut off steam and eased her up a little after getting started down the hill. That was where I made a mistake, for ten of the cars had broken loose, after the engine and first eleven cars had passed over the summit, and the momentum carried them over the knuckle, and they came down after us fifty miles an hour. Just about the middle of the tunnel they struck us with terrible force, and then it was that I made the fast run, for you see the powder exploded and my engine and all the cars that were left shot out of the tunnel just like wads out of a big gun. My breath was fairly taken away by the speed, and I had to hold tight to the cab to keep from being left behind. Old 71 kept the rails and shot out of the other end of that hole, going at the rate of 675 miles an hour; in fact, we went so fast that the watchman did not see us pass, although he heard the terrible report, and thought that the tunnel had caved in. When we reached the little town of S— we were going about 350 miles an hour, having lost some of our velocity. Of course, only a few of the cars kept the track, and they all had hot boxes and flat wheels when we finally came to a stand. It was 4:03 when we entered the tunnel, and allowing a minute from that time till the explosion took place we ran the eight miles in just forty-six seconds, according to my watch. Old 71 lost her side rods and connecting rods, and two of her tires, and had her smokestack carried off by the wind pressure, but she was able to pull in on the side track, and just at that moment the operator received a telegram from O—, six miles on the other side of the tunnel, which read:

"Caboose No. 64 and two smoking cars just flew by, leaving boards in the air, which are still falling. Rails are red-hot from the friction."

"That, young man, was the fastest run I ever made, and I don't want to break the record again." And then, without even a smile, the old man crawled up on the cab of the big express engine and got ready to pull out with the limited.—Boston Herald.

**Extracting Gold.**

A process of extracting gold by which every particle of the metal in the ore is recovered is stated to be in successful operation in West Australia. It is called the ore atomic process. Gold quartz is crushed into small lumps and is then put into a closed chamber, subjected to the heat of a furnace, to the action of water and of hydrogen gas. This eliminated sulphur and reduces all oxides to the metallic state. After being heated, the material is suddenly cooled by jets of water—an operation repeated several times till the quartz crumbles to powder at the touch of the finger. It is then thrown into a tank and the gold is separated by washing.—Chicago Tribune.

"I have a nickel which the McKinley train ran over," said one boy to another. "That's nothing," replied the latter. "I have a headache which I got because the whistles woke me up when the train went through, and I couldn't go to sleep again."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

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**Narrow Escape of a Cowboy.**

Presence of mind and cool nerve are what H. Farsten, a cowboy, possesses to a marked degree. To these he owes his life, which seems to have hung on a slender thread one day last week, writes a Butte (Mont.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Times.

He left Billings early one cold morning, riding a horse and leading three bronchos. He crossed the river to go to the Crow reservation, where there is no settlement, when his horse slipped and fell. This caused the lead horses to jerk back, throwing him from the saddle and entangling his legs in the rope. The frightened horses then ran, dragging Farsten, who realized at once his awful danger and lay on his back.

It was necessary to act quickly. So with rare presence of mind and consummate coolness he reached for his knife, opened it with his teeth, but in slashing at the rope had it knocked around to his hip and drew his revolver. Suffering severely from contact with the hard, frozen ground, he managed to fire, but he did not hit the nearest horse fatally. Then he fired again, this time bringing down the horse, to which he clung in such a manner as to relieve him from further bruises and the strain of the rope, which had already broken a small bone in his leg. The horses soon stopped, when he was able to extricate himself from the danger of his situation. He immediately mounted a horse and returned to Billings for medical aid. This instance deserves to be put down as one in which rare presence of mind and nerve were displayed under the most trying circumstances. But the hardy cowboy only smiled and seemed to regard it more of a joke than anything else. He blamed himself for being caught off his guard and in such a position as to be dragged by wild horses.

**THE FIELD OF ADVENTURE.**

**THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.**

**A Fierce Battle With Ruthless Chinese Pirates—A Tale of Disaster at Sea—A Cowboy's Nerve.**

IN the year 1860, writes W. L. Merton, in the New York Ledger, piracy had become a crime of so frequent occurrence on the east coast of China that, upon the application of a body of ship owners in Hong Kong, the British Admiral upon that station resolved to take strenuous measures for its suppression. A strong, teak-built bark, the "Rajah," was lying in port, waiting for a charter; she had been an East Indiaman, and though anything but a fast sailer, was a sturdy old vessel that would stand any amount of battering from the Chinese trading junks of those days. The Admiral saw the captain and consigned to his ship and made arrangements with them that she should ostensibly be placed on the berth for Shanghai, receive a fictitious cargo of apparently great value, be secretly armed and equipped, and sent out to be preyed upon by the pirates.

A large quantity of rice was first sent on board; then many long, heavy cases, supposed to contain machinery, but really Armstrong guns and Minie rifles; flour barrels half filled with powder, and lastly, under a strong guard, fifty treasure boxes, duly marked as specie from a well-known bank; the dollars, however, were spherical shot and shell. The blue-peter was hoisted, the vessel duly cleared and towed through the Ly-e-moon passage by a small steamer, one